



Some Professional and Business Men of the City



"Chubby My Soldier Boy."

(Continued from page 1 Part Two)

the same intellectual strata as herself, or even above.

She was scrupulous, too, and though she loved tidiness and neatness, but seldom was she vain or superficial in her wardrobe. She loved to exhibit her native abilities as an economist in the manner of dressing, as well as to cause herself to be looked upon as a young woman of modish tendencies, emphasizing a zeal to be a leader, yet divesting herself of all that was proudish or too singularly askant, or inconsistent with prevailing tastes of style and fashion.

It may have been an unconscious exhibition of these characteristic traits on her part that attracted young Marvin Farrihel on one night when he, as was his custom, was lounging about the fashionable Chantant, a rendezvous of young Afro-American society. For, from that night their friendship had grown until the two seemed to be inseparable, and most happy when together. They were soul mates, as Nellie Gray put it, and were worshipful in their devotion to each other.

Young Farrihel was the sixth son of his father, and the baby of his mother. Old man Farrihel had never contributed toward the character-building of this son, perhaps, because he did not know what to contribute; and being of that stock of men who from the very first day that African eyes greeted the hills and plains of America, sought only music and the transient things of life, never accounting themselves to serious thoughts, nor placing the responsibility of delving into life's intricacies upon themselves, old man Farrihel, a man of pure African blood, never bothered himself with the character-building of his youngest son no more than he had with that of his five older ones.

But, thanks to the nobility of a true mother who, thought unlettered as

attempted anything without success in the completion of his endeavor in the end. He was just all the sort of a young man; and his title as "The Young Lion," was as much merited as was his right to the name of Farrihel.

Willemeta Wargram loved young Marvin Farrihel, and he knew it. So did she. But she did not know really how much she did love him until the



MR. J. J. LAY,
Photographer.

time came for him to depart for the Army Training Camp, far away from their home city. He, too, experienced an awakening; and the discovery of the depth of his love for the stern little goddess was a revelation which at first transported him o'er to the side of doubt and across the sea of conjecture. Did he love her so? Yes, no; yes again! But he never knew until now—the day he was to leave her for an indefinite period—perhaps forever, that he felt his soul stealing out to her, quitting its own habitat to go communing with the soul of her, without even consulting him or gaining his approval of the act. And what's more, he had to follow it.

It was only two days before he had

poed out suddenly directly in her pathway. "Oooo—oh, mercy-me!" she screamed, and hid her face in her hands, dropping basket, eggs and all to the ground. She was frightened and ready to take flight.

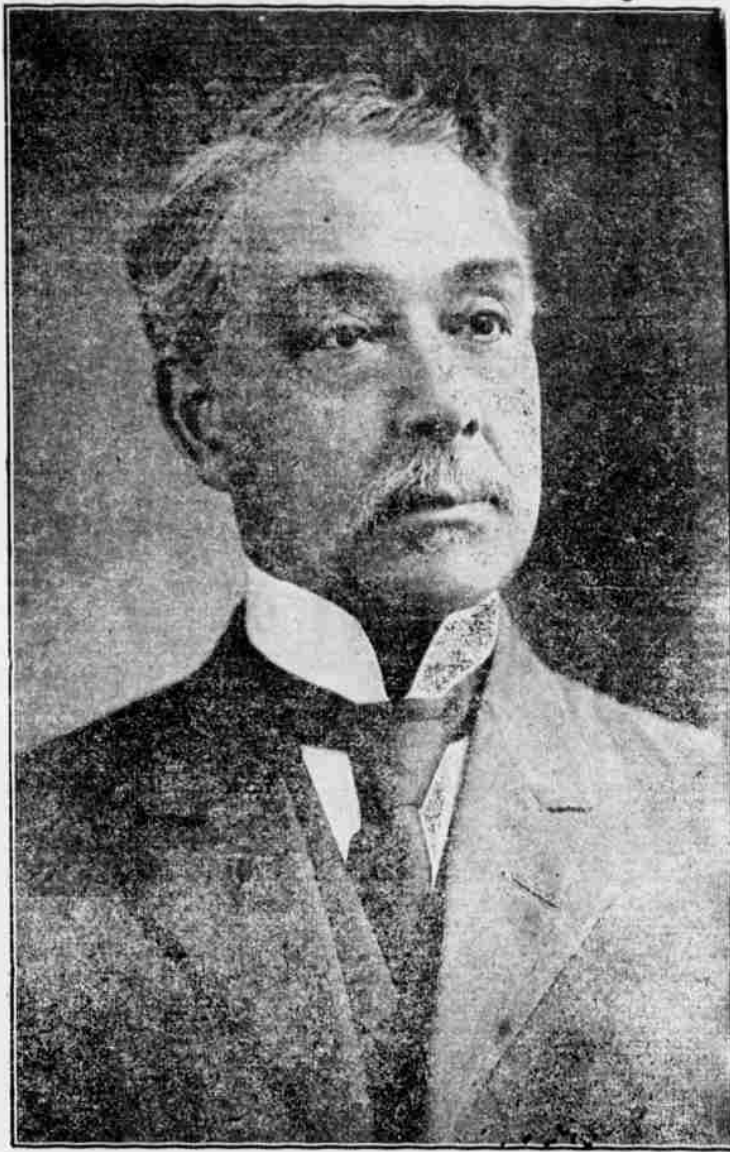
"There now," he said, catching her as she turned to flee from him. "You'd make a fine red cross nurse, wouldn't you?" he asked pulling her hands from over her face.

Willemeta started at him as if she didn't quite recognize him, and as if his familiarity in addressing her was unmeaning or misplaced.

"Oh, you scared me, Marvin," she said, with a serious little look in her pretty brown eyes. Then she drew near him and explained: "Oh, well, if I were in the army I wouldn't ever be scared; nothing would ever take

her into his arms and kiss the velvet brown face half wreathed in smiles. But he could not—would not. He was a Farrihel and was afraid.

Willemeta looked at him with wondering, pleasant eyes. She perceived faintly, what he meant. It was his love for her that made him speak thus. He loved her and did not wish her to see such horrors as are every day occurrences on the battlefields of Europe. And this was his method of preventing her—to discourage her by speech, that she would not go as a red cross nurse. But though she realized how great was his love in his wishing to preserve her from wars rugged experience, yet, just so great was her love for him, that she wished to share everything with him—even death itself—that she would not suffer herself to be discouraged or



HON. J. C. NAPIER.

me unawares, as I would always be expecting happenings—a dying soldier, a bursting shell or a frenzied steed hunning headlong over the corpse strewn battlefield. That'd be different, and you can't judge my bravery by this instant. All was serene, and I was lost in my own meditations."

"But that's just it," he said, meeting her triumphant gaze with a calm indifferent air. "You'll have meditations 'overthere,' and you'll be caught unawares—perhaps by a Tonton—and the rest of the story would not be worth relating." He looked at her steadily, and noticed the weakening effect of his words.

Willemeta, head dropping, remained silent, looking down upon the white gravel which lay basking in the warmth of the evening sun. Finally, as if moved by an irresistible impulse,

her plans thwarted. So, having reached a decision and with a strategem for which she was noted, she turned on him sweetly and said, "Marvin, we are children yet, let us play as children are wont to do. Come, let us go out on the lawn and play at tennis."

The thought pleased the young soldier boy, and soon he was swinging the racket with an energy that sent the blood thinking through his body. They played gloriously, and in their play they forgot the turmoil of the world, and the passing of the evening hours. But the sun was propitious, and shone down with a gentle glory that lent enchantment to the evening, and illumined the lawn with an almost magical light, so bright and so golden. Back and forth went the ball, white in the gleam of the setting sun, over the white net from racket to

"Lost your—your nerve?" she asked, looking at him searchingly.

"That what," he answered. He hung his head again.

"Ha! You silly boy, to loose your whole nerve; and for what—why?" She was laughing at him.

"I—er—I can't meet the Cap'n tonight—I can't, 'Bill,'" he said lugubriously.

But the Captain came out and met him, for he had heard their voices.



MR. B. H. JANUARY.

and being a great lover of young men he came out just as young Marvin was about to come on in.

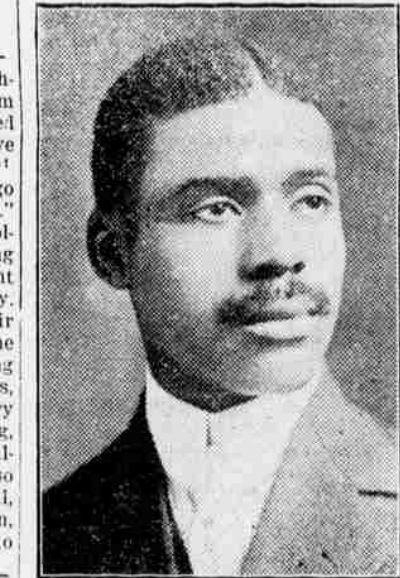
"And this is the boy? Well," said Captain Milner, grasping young Farrihel's mechanically extended hand and slapping him on the shoulder. "I'm glad to see you. You're a fine young man, sir," he concluded, snuffing broadly at Willemeta who stood blushing.

"That's our soldier boy, Capt'n," said Mrs. Wargram, coming up unceremoniously, wiping her hands on her checked apron, and grinning like a cheshire cat.

The Captain turned to speak, but Willemeta interrupted him. "Ours?" she said, facing her mother. Then looking the Captain square in the eye as she was wont to do any one when she wished to impress them with her meaning, she said: "Captain, mother's looney: 'Chubby's my soldier boy.' There she stopped, apparently greatly relieved."

All the Captain did was to scratch his head and say, "Well, I'll be dad—"

(Continued on page 4.)



DR. J. L. LEACH.
Who won a commission as Lieutenant in the U. S. Medical Corps.

PYTHIAN PROGRESS IN TENN.

are tilling the soil that food may be furnished those at the front. We have already subscribed \$3,000 to the liberty loan fund. Such an order is certain to be admired and men are anxious indeed to become a part of an institution that stands for so much and does exactly what it proposes to do.

In the early days of the order there were many fine characters and men of charming personality who helped to lay the foundation stones of the order in this state. Among the first we mention our Grand Chancellor, Dr. J. P. Crawford, a natural Pythian. He has been at the head of the order for about twenty years. By his wisdom and foresight he has brought the order to its present position among the fraternalities of the country. When destruction faced the order a few years ago, it was largely through the untiring efforts of this man that Pythianism was saved to the race, for upon the decision of the Tennessee case depended the fate of the order in the south. It is well to recall these facts lest we forget the pioneers who made it possible for us to enjoy this good day of renewed Pythian activity. In those days our foes from without were very formidable indeed and it took men of the Crawford stamp to save the day and the order.

Sir A. W. Fite has done a great work as Grand Deputy. While the Grand Chancellor was dealing with foes from without, it took all the Grand Deputy's time to hold the lodges together. Some did grow weak and give up, but through the efforts of Sir Fite and others the majority of them held fast.

Sir Wm. S. Thompson gave valuable service to the order during those trying times. His ability to see things and to act at the proper time kept the order out of many an awkward situation. Sir R. E. Gee rendered valuable service to the order in and about Nashville. N. N. Reynolds, C. B. Hodges, J. P. Foster, J. B. Battle, J. T. Shob, and many others helped to make Pythianism a safe institution in this state.

In East Tennessee we may mention such men as Sir John Singleton, the high-hearted pioneer who is ever on the alert to advance the cause in



MR. J. B. BOYD.
Foreman National Baptist Publishing Board.

his district; Sir M. Burke, Wm. Reeves, of Johnson City, and Sir Arthur Hazen, at present a member of the endowment board.

In Chattanooga there are Sir R. W. Allen, whose work is well known everywhere; Sir Wm. A. Thompson, A. S. Banks, Ed Wickliffe, Charles Laprade, J. P. Pasala, J. Milton Easterling, U. W. Richardson, L. Duncan, all workers for the order.

In the early days in West Tennessee such brilliant men as D. A. Dorich, Wm. Wells, Chas. Cooper, J. H. Brown, G. W. Williams, Dr. E. W. Irving, Dr. T. H. Price, A. L. White, Dr. W. T. Horton and J. W. Lane blazed the way for Pythianism. In the later days came such men as B. M. Roddy, Wayman Wilkerson, B. H. Hayes, C. C. Hodges, Roscoe T. Simmons, H. M. Adams, E. Alston, Taylor Nightingale and others.

Rev. A. N. Stevens has served as Grand Vice Chancellor for many years. His popularity in the order is well known. He has been the means of bringing many lodges into the fold. Rev. J. W. Tate, our Grand Prelate, hails from the east. With

he is showing wonderful business proclivities and we predict for him a brilliant future. Sir A. S. Pyles, of Milan, is the third member of the trustee board. He has always done his share of the work in building up the order in his district where he is serving as Grand Deputy.

One of the best known and best loved men in the Grand Lodge is Sir J. H. Brown, Grand Master of Ex. During all the years he has held that office there has never been any complaint as to his management. His record is clear. His heart is in the work of uplifting—honest.

Dr. C. O. Hunter, the Grand Old Man of the order, is serving his third term as Grand Keeper of Records and Seals. This painstaking official is meeting with much success and he also is greatly loved by members of the order throughout the state.

Sir Wayman Wilkerson is the chairman of the Pythian Temple Commission. Sir Wilkerson has done about as much as any other individual to place the order upon a firm financial basis and keep it there. His election to this high office was a distinct advantage to the order.

Gen. Preston Taylor has the distinction of placing the Uniform Rank in Tennessee upon the map. Certainly the rank has thrived under his management as never before. His success at St. Louis has been the means of bringing many young men into the order.

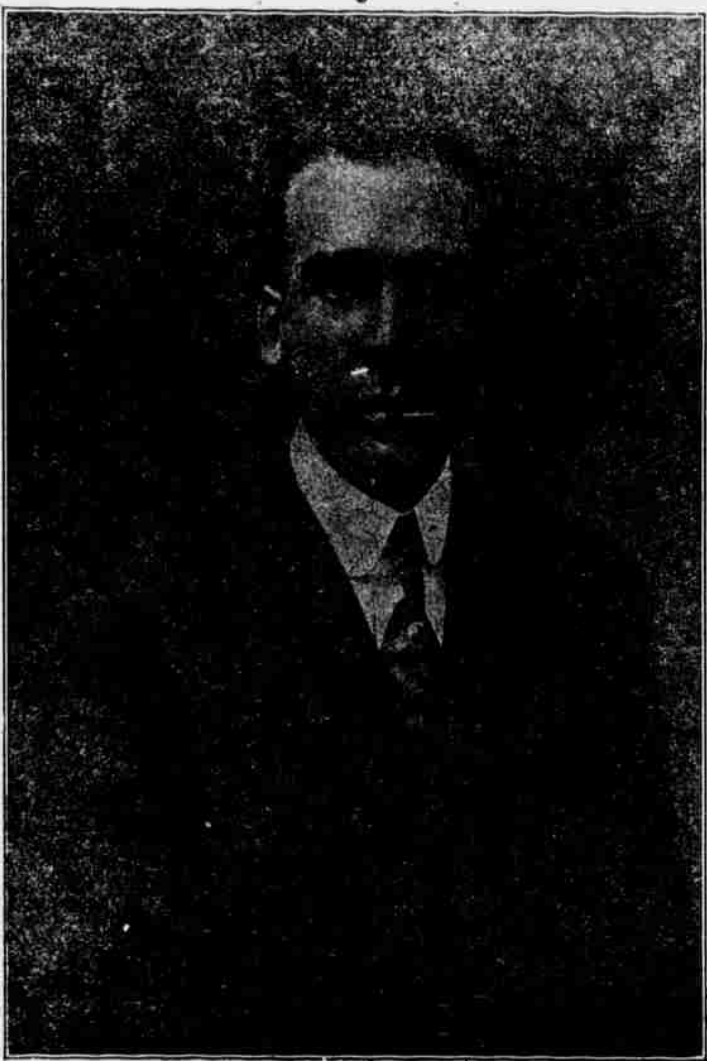
Our Grand Attorney, Hon. J. C. Napier, is also a very potent factor in Pythian affairs in this state. There are so many ways for him to be of service. His advice is sought by officials in every department and his decisions often result in the saving of much money to the order. He is conservative and can be safely depended upon in a crisis.

These are some of the men who are pushing this great institution forward. There are many others who are doing admirable work we cannot mention all.

The order Knights of Pythias stands for anything that tends to make men better. The betterment of mankind is the foundation upon which the order rests. Our mission is to so build that posterity will call us blessed, that our children's children will not curse us but will look



PROF. W. J. HALE.
President A. & I. State Normal.



MR. IRA T. BRYANT,
Secretary-Treasurer A. M. E. Sunday School Union.

she was, looked forward and discerned through a clear vision of the intellect, the necessity of a trained heart, mind and hands, young Farrihel had come up under diligent and zealous care, and now his young manhood, possessed a character and a capability well worth the consideration of the most enlightened and thoughtful men and women. Added to these traits was a chivalric pleasure—loving generosity which the young man inherited through the strong blood of his father. He also possessed a keen and critical judgment of men and women, and affairs wherein deep thought must be exercised. Moreover he was quick, decisive, and even at times impetuous. Things he couldn't do he wouldn't attempt; but he never

awakened to this revelation that he had been with her for a long while talking over old times and of days that would never more be theirs to enjoy. The sun was bright that day, and the sky overhead betrayed no brewing mischief of the elements. He met her coming up the little garden walk that leads down to the poultry pen and houses. She wore a bright colored gingham dress, and a pink sunbonnet sat carelessly on her head. She did not see him when he first entered the garden, so he secluded himself behind a heavy growth of vegetable and grapevines, watching her as she came skipping up the walk, swinging carelessly by her side a basket of fresh gathered eggs.

"Boo-hoo!" he ejaculated, and step-



DR. J. P. CRAWFORD,
Grand Chancellor K. of P.

she raised her head and met the eyes of young Marvin with an almost contemptuous stare from her bright eyes. "A Tonton?" she almost shrieked. Then, without awaiting a reply she went on, "Do you think that I would allow myself to be taken by a Hun alive? Let Jehovah be judge betwixt me and thee, but if a Hun comes near me, if he possesses me, I will be his corpse and not his prisoner. Moreover, he'll have to be quick to get the corpse, else he shall not know that life ever was; for he himself shall be a corpse and I his slayer." She was almost out of breath and stopped short, abashed as it were, because of her own audacious speech.

"Talk not so foolishly, Bill," admonished young Farrihel, and he gently grasped her arm to steady her in her nervousness. "I don't think there is very much of the French woman in you, excepting the beauty; and it is only the French woman who can face such blood-curdling situations as are common on European battlefields. Aye, I have even heard of how they delight in the gruesome business of steering a motor car at top speed into a company of the enemy, strewn death among them and shouting madly 'Vive la France,' as they cling to the steering wheel of their blood-stained car which plunges on heedless of the volleying guns from behind. But not you, my Bill. To talk of such would be the cream of folly." He stood gazing in worshipful silence into the bright brown eyes, which at these last words had softened perceptibly. He wanted to take



DR. F. G. SMITH,
Principal Pearl High School.

ratchet, and seldom falling to the hard yellow field. Willemeta played as if she were playing in a championship tourney, and often elicited the praise of her opponent in making almost impossible returns of the down to his rest, and the merry tennis ball from her territory to his.

In merry laughter the sun went in his enthusiasts, panting and warm, stopped their play with scores even. Mrs. Wargram called to them that supper was ready, and that they would have company to take supper with them.

"Oh, I know who it is," said Willemeta, taking Marvin by the hand and pulling him along. "It's the captain."

And she smiled in his face. "Captain," shouted young Farrihel, trotting along reluctantly as it were, after the girl. "Captain who?" he demanded, after he had gotten another breath. He was a bit troubled.

"Captain Melner," she replied, without loo. ng into his face. They had reached the threshold. Marvin stopped suddenly, wringing his hand from hers. She confronted him. He hung his head and awaited her words.

"Now Chubby, (for that was a nickname she had given him,) what is the matter with you now? What do you mean by stopping? Lost something?" She smiled.

"Er—" began the young man, looking up into her face, pity written in his eyes. "Yes; I've lost my nerve, 'Bill,' he said.

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